

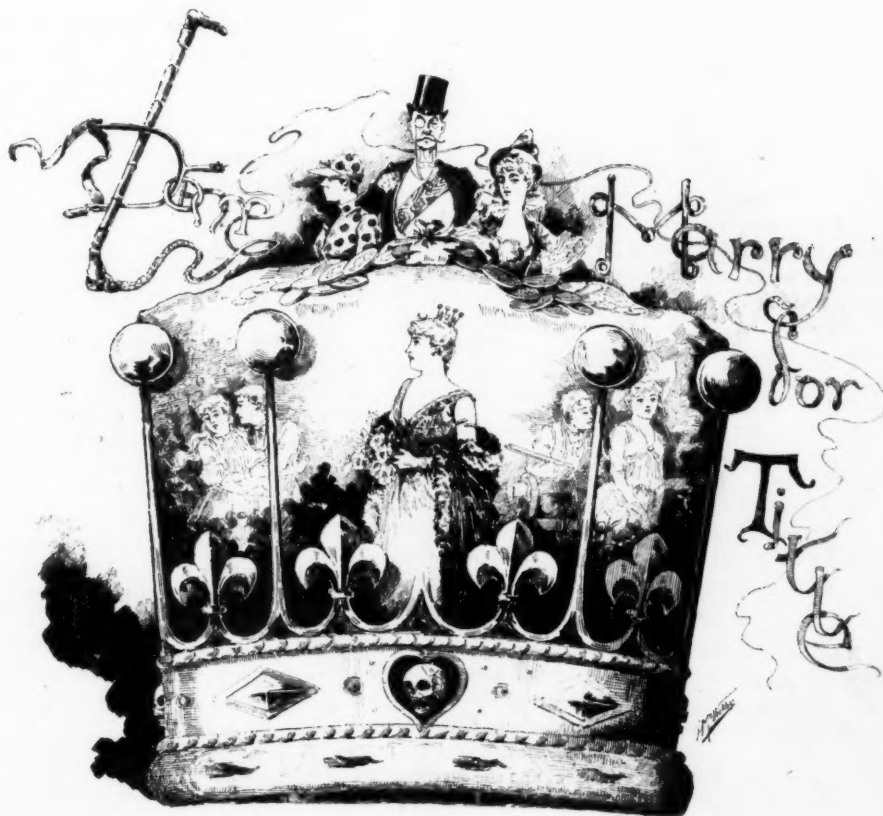
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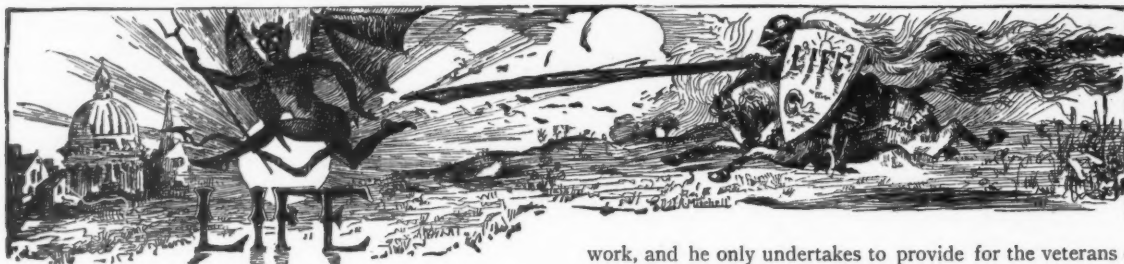
NEW YORK, JANUARY 26, 1888.

NUMBER 265.

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OUR ADVICE.



"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. XI. JANUARY 26, 1888. No. 265.

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SECRETARY BAYARD is reported to have had conversation with the House Committee of Foreign Affairs, in the course of which he divulged at least one important diplomatic secret. He intimated that he would like sometimes to be more peremptory with those foreign persons whom he deals with, but that the truth was he hadn't the means. And then he whispered to the committee-men that our sea-front was practically bald-headed and toothless, and that our navy was inadequate; and however valiantly our war-vessels might hunt a shattered monster like Leary's raft, it really couldn't do much when it came to blows. These facts, the Secretary said, were no secret in England or anywhere else, except in this country, and their actuality militated against such a settlement of the fisheries question (for example) as the Maine fishermen desire.

LIFE trusts that the committee-men had their memorandum-books with them and made notes of what the Secretary said. This journal never wakes in the morning without a feeling of grateful surprise that neither a British cannon-ball nor an Elevated Railroad train has invaded its tenement during the night. It is time that steps began to be taken to eliminate this daily peril from our lives.

THEY say the Presbyterians are about to raise a million dollars to add to their fund for tired-out ministers, and their widows and orphans. Doubtless they will succeed, for they are rich and frequent as well as zealous, and this fund is intended to commemorate their American centenary. Some day, when the newspaper business and the sacrifices and devotion it involves are justly appreciated, Christians in comfortable circumstances will welcome a call upon their surplus for the benefit of decayed journalists, and will regard the support of superannuated editors as a pious act and a privilege. But at present, we believe, Mr. Childs, of Philadelphia, is the only great religious body that tampers with this

work, and he only undertakes to provide for the veterans of his own sect. If the Presbyterians prove to be as good providers as Mr. Childs, they will set a glorious example to all their brethren, and, what is also to the point, their investment may tend to lure a higher grade of shepherds to their flocks.

Money-making ministers are not held in especial esteem, and yet a minister, as well as another man, may find comfort in anticipating a reasonable provision in old age, after a lifetime of unselfish labor.

* * *

MANY men who read weekly in the newspapers the post-prandial addresses of President Depew, must have said to themselves many times, "He works all day and eats and drinks all night. Will he go to physical smash, or have Mr. Evarts' innards been duplicated?"

Such anxious questioners will be partly reassured by the exposition of Mr. Depew's daily life and diet made by a newspaper man last week. It seems that the Central Hudson orator has no cocktail before breakfast. That his first meal is business, seasoned with hot water, two eggs, toast, and a cup of tea; that he does not smoke four strong cigars in the morning, nor drink a bottle of claret for his lunch; that, on the contrary, his lunch is hardly less abstemious than his breakfast, and he does not go home by the zigzag route, nor even indulge at his club before dinner. He goes *directly* home, it seems, and plays with his son until it is time to go to Delmonico's, where he only eats two kinds of meat and drinks nothing but champagne, and not much of that. Some time during the night he goes to bed, and does not get up unreasonably early the next morning.

It does not appear that he takes organized and methodical exercise, but, all things considered, Chauncey does well, and we have hopes that he will be spared to our sons. A sound man can have a good deal of fun with his head if he doesn't try to have too much amusement with his stomach. And *vice versa*. It is the man who tries to have fun everywhere at once that goes under. Nature abhors that sort of concentration, and Nature always has her way in the end.

* * *

MAYOR HEWITT says that if he could get five dollars a pound for butter his farm would pay. According to his showing his best crop is cobblestones, which he picks off from his fields and ships to New York. The Mayor is a good enough farmer, but his location is a mistake. South Africa is the place for him. There the pebbles are worth something. Raising cobblestones in New Jersey is simply an expense.



DESILLUSIONÉ.

UPON the porch, this evening late,
Miss Ingenue and I await
The dance's ending;
Our converse lightly ebbs and flows,
Our hands may touch, perhaps, who knows?
I only see the blush that glows,
Its beauty lending.

And then my arm about her waist
Is placed exactly to my taste,
Without objection—
Except a wriggle now and then,
Especially at moments when
The movements of our fellow-men
Forebode inspection.

I whisper to her as I lean
Sly sentences that little mean,
But worded neatly;
She answers not, but quite content,
Her head against my shoulder bent,
She seems on every word intent,
And—slumbers sweetly.

I take my rights, and with a kiss
I rouse her gently, while in bliss
She murmur's "Harry!"
My pleasure's spoiled. It now would seem
I've furnished matter for a dream
Of which another gets the cream—
No more I'll tarry.

The drowsy maiden I awake:
She's left, as hasty leave I take
All unprotected.
I'm *desillusioné*, 'tis true;
I haven't found Miss Ingenue
So very 'fresh,' and 'green,' and 'new,'
As I expected.

S. D. S., Jr.



NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.



NICE fashions we have now," said Bjones, as a Sassiety youth in full war costume passed him in the street. "Look at the collar on him!"

"There's nothing strange about that," replied Jsmith. "I remember when I was a boy, the birds on my father's farm wore higher collars than that."

NOT CONFINED TO ONE SECTION.

SYMPATHIZING FRIEND (*to widow whose husband was blown to pieces by nitro-glycerine*): In what part of the oil country did your husband die, Mrs. Driller?

WIDOW (*sadly*): Poor John died pretty much all over it.

WE don't know whether to believe the story that Mr. Howells replied to a person who asked for a list of the best hundred books: "I have not written a hundred books."

SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY FOR REVENGE.

MISS VAN EMERSON (*of Boston*): Madame Junot's "Memoirs of Bonaparte" are very interesting. Don't you think so, Mr. De Sappy?

DE SAPPY (*seized with a desire to show the extent of his reading*): Ya-as. And w-what a bully chance it was f-for Juno to get a whack in on P-Paris for giving Venus the aw-apple, don-cher-know!



HOW TO BE RID OF THE SURPLUS.

J. G. Blaine :

PUT it into coast defences,
Add to Government expenses;
With the Tariff do not tinker,
Discourage artist and the thinker.
Make the cost of clothing tough,
Enrich the wealthy, cheapen snuff;
If reduction's your intent,
Make yours truly President.

Mr. Foraker :

Gives the surplus money o'er
To fighting out the Civil War

A Tramp :

To relieve the Treasury of its plight,
Leave the surplus out at night.

John Sherman :

Pension every veteran—even the galoot
Who stayed at home in '61 and fought by substitute;
Aunts and cousins, uncles, e'en the mother-in-law
Of him who lost a wink of sleep from cannons' awful roar.
On veterans and all their clan I tearfully do dote,
Particularly of the sex that have a right to vote.

AS a natural gas centre, Governor Foraker is believed to rival Pittsburgh.

GEORGES I., II., III. and IV. of England showed the effects of their dissolute behavior in early life. They were Rex many years before they died.

"ONE may smile and smile and be a villain still," said the poet.

True. Too much smiling has been known to make a drunkard of a Prohibition orator.

A BOSTON correspondent says that the word "swell" is vulgar, irrational and hideous. The same may be said of most of the swells, too.

THE despatches tell of a man at Utica Minn., who has been asleep for seven years.

This is not so wonderful as the case of Foraker, Sherman and other bloody-shirters, who have been asleep, apparently, ever since the cessation of the war.

THE *World* has a press that will print, fold, count and paste sixty thousand papers an hour.

All the *World* needs now is a machine to suppress lies and do a little editing once a week.

THE most extraordinary thing about our Envoys Extraordinary is that there is nothing extraordinary about them.

MR. BLAINE is reported to have said, "God deliver me from brainy women!"

How does Gail Hamilton like this?

HERBERT SPENCER'S definition of LIFE, "it is change from homogeneity to heterogeneity, differentiation and integration," is not complete. He should have added, "it is ten cents weekly and five dollars a year."

THE man who claims that Philadelphia is on the site of the Land of Nod is a mean-spirited person who has some petty spite against the Quaker City.

THE Manhattan Club is said to be ambitious to possess the marble palace of the Stewarts' on Fifth Avenue.

The Manhattan Club seems to be running to marble lately. With a President of that name, a club-house of that material, it will soon be devoted to marbles as a game.

A FEW PHRASES PICKED UP AT WASHINGTON.



A new member of the house.



Making his maiden speech.



A contested seat.



An all-night session.

OF COURSE.

THE Greeks used to consider, as I have been told,
The bow and the arrow as
father and son;
If such be the case, a fact
equally cold
Is that a bullet's the son of
a gun.

TOO BOLD.

MISS SMYTHE: I hear
that Mr. Flush pro-
posed to you last night.

MISS VAN DYKE: Yes,
the forward thing!

MISS S.: I don't see any-
thing very bad about that.

MISS V. D.: Why, this is
Leap Year!

WORSE THAN THE
CLIMATE.

EDITH: What a dread-
fully trying climate you
have here in Boston! Is it
the east wind that chaps
your lips so?

MAUD: Oh, no; I've been
taking some lessons in Vola-
pük.

WAKEFUL TOO LATE.

HIGGINS: They say
that since Gagley failed
he's been troubled dreadfully
by insomnia.

WIGGINS: Just like him.
He never was wide awake at
the right time.

PROVERB FOR A
WAITER.

"THERE'S many a tip
'twixt the cup and
the lip."



Laid on the table.



The speaker of the house



AT THE MUSEUM.

Jack's Mamma (wishing to be impressive): JUST THINK, JACK; THIS WAS SOME LITTLE BOY'S
MAMMA.

Jack (after some moments of intense thought): IF THE MAMMAS TURN INTO MUMMIES, WHAT DO
THE PAPAS TURN INTO? PUPPIES?

NO USE TO HIM.

BOOK AGENT (to one of the "several times" a million-
aire lumber "Barons" of Michigan): Let me show
you, sir, the New American Encyclopædia—

LUMBER: No; never mind. I am very busy to day—

AGENT: But it will surely require little time to examine—

LUMBER: No, no; I tell you I am very busy!—And if I
weren't I couldn't ride one of the infernal things anyway.

OFTTIMES it gives a man a cold chill to get "fired."



A PLEA.

NEUMONIA, thou dreaded guest
Of every wintry day, thou pest
Who sparest neither serf nor king,
We prithee, cease our hearts to wring
With horrid fear lest we be drest
In winding shroud for final rest;
And heed, we beg thee, our request,
That thou to other climes do cling,
Pneumonia.

Go north or south, go east or west,
Some other neighborhood infest.
For others, not for self, thou thing,
We plead. We're safe to reach the Spring:
We've plush-lined shirts beneath our vest,
Pneumonia.

VOLAPÜK.

Some of its Interesting Features.

WE are indebted to somebody for the Abridged Grammar of the Volapükians.

We very much regret that people who send infernal machines and Grammars of Universal Languages to their friends see fit to hide the light of their identity under the bushel anonymity, as we would be pleased to make some return for such attentions as have been shown us.

The book before us was written by Prof. Kerckhoffs and made easy for English readers by a gentleman with the pure Anglo-Saxon name of Karl Dornbusch, while an American by the name of L. Schich put it in tangible shape. The world owes these gentlemen a debt which we fear it can never repay. There is no punishment to fit the crime.

A close study of the Grammar reveals many interesting facts and shows up Volapük in a way that cannot fail to rejoice the heart of those who are satisfied with English, Chinese or Timbuctookapuk with no dots over the u.

In the first place, Volapük starts off with twenty-seven letters to twenty-six for English, and eight vowels instead of five. The vowel stock is watered chiefly with periods. To make the new vowels, a horizontal colon is placed on top of all the old ones except e and i—though why Count Tolstoi's most picturesque vowel should be ignominiously thrown out we fail to see. Q is cast to the winds and w has no place in Volapük society. H is always aspirated—a direct blow at English where it is quite frequently in a state of exasperation. C is pronounced like J. For instance, "Johnny get your gun" in Volapük would be "Conny get your gun," while the letter J is pronounced as the English SA, so that when requesting a Volapükian to be quiet you must write it "Jutup."

The Grammar is not very satisfactory in dealing with substantives. It tells how to decline *Dom*, a house, but it leaves one in the dark as to how to decline a glass of absinthe or a bottle of beer. Judging from the names of the authors of Volapük we have a dim suspicion that beer is not declined in that language.

We have reason to be thankful to the Universal Language people for one thing in the department of substantives, and that is the moderation they have displayed in the matter of genders. They never have more than two. We had feared from the extravagance displayed in the vowel matter that they would indulge in at least a half-dozen genders, and as we have already suffered in the study of French from the necessity of telling whether a chair is a boy or a girl, or whether an andiron is enough of a lady to get into good society, we had made up our mind to drop Volapük if it was not more considerate in the gender matter.

There is one great point about the new language if the Grammar is reliable. It does away with Mr. Howells' expression "lady friend." An ordinary male friend is a Flen while a "she-friend," as the Grammar concisely puts it, is an of-Flen. In fact, *Of*, wheresoever found, indicates femininity. For instance, when a man remarks he is "going of for two or three weeks" every educated Volapükian knows that he is going away to see his best girl.

Adjectives are formed by adding *ik* to the substantive, thus *Do* is pain and *Dolik* is painful, as one would naturally suppose to look at the word. How this will affect the relations of the English words cow and cowlick the Grammar does not say.

The adverb is formed from the adjective by adding an O. To use the former example *dolik*, painful as an adverb, becomes *doliko*, painfully, though a great many Volapükians as well as English will doubtless stick to the monosyllabic O without the Dolik when they feel painfully.

This is as far as our brain and the limited space at our disposal will permit us to go this week, but we hope at some later period to escort our Flens and of-Flens all the way through to the bitter end.

So, for the present, Stadols-öd beno, which is the short-cut the Volapükian takes for saying Farewell.



Stranger (visiting Naval Yard, Brooklyn): CAN YOU TELL ME THE REASON FOR HAVING THESE LITTLE—AHM! PETTICOATS ON THE TREES?

Johnny (puzzled): OH, THAT'S ER— (bright idea coming to the rescue). THAT'S SOME OF ANTHONY COMSTOCK'S DOING, I GUESS. BARE LIMBS, YOU KNOW!



WHY NOT USE OUR TITLES?

Mrs. Robinson : WHY, MY DEAR MRS. DOCTOR SMITH, I AM SO GLAD TO SEE YOU ! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN ALL THESE MONTHS ?

Mrs. Smith : THANK YOU, MRS. RETIRED GROCER ROBINSON. I HAVE BEEN TRAVELING ABROAD WITH MR. DOCTOR SMITH AND MY DEAR OLD FRIEND MRS. MERCHANT TAILOR JONES. HOW IS YOUR HUSBAND ?

THE TERRIBLE SURPLUS.

A BUNDANCE clutched, with ruthless hand,
The nation's throat like an iron band ;
Silver rivers with golden sand
Inundated the hapless land
In the year of the Terrible Surplus.

Granaries groaned with weight of grain,
Flocks and herds covered hill and plain ;
Oil wells flowed, and every vein
Of mines and minerals swelled the gain
In the year of the Terrible Surplus.

Other peoples, more blest than we,
Joyed in their happy bankruptcy ;
Foreign paupers, whose trade was " free,"
Pitied our plethoric misery,
In the year of the Terrible Surplus.

Wise physicians of solemn mien,
Quack and regular, fat and lean ;
Independent and straight machine,
Gathered around with lancets keen
To reduce the Terrible Surplus.

But the patient listened and shook his head,
And wouldn't be stripped and put to bed,
And starved and leeches and cupped and bled ;
" For," says he, " you fellows that ain't half fed
Don't know the cure for a Surplus."

" It's exercise that a man should try
When his blood is slow and his skin is dry ;
I'll mend my fences, and build 'em high—
The neighbors' critters will find out why,
If I ketch 'em around my Surplus."

James Jeffrey Roche.



WHY NOT DISSIPATE THE WAR CLOUD BY A PERSONAL COMBAT, AND LET MR. ALEXANDER, OSBURG



N!
DER, GSBURG, WORK OFF HIS SUPERFLUOUS ARDOR UPON MR. SULLIVAN, OF BOSTON, FOR INSTANCE.



IF Henry Arthur Jones had informed me that he was going to select, as a theme for a play, the story of a young girl who visits rich people, is accused of stealing a pet heirloom, and finally weds the son, I should have said: "Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, I should strongly recommend you to consider the advisability of going to. Such a play as that which you suggest would probably have suited the audiences which flourished about the time that Noah went into his ark; but for this period—" and so on.

All of which goes to show that I should have made an enormous error. Mr. Jones's play, which he has called "Heart of Hearts," and which has just been produced at the Madison Square Theatre, with the story I have just mentioned as a theme, is a success.

* * *

THE play has so many amusing complications, and its style is so bright and attractive, that the triteness of the original theme is forgotten. Not a tear was shed during all that agonizing time when *Lucy Corwin*, because she was a little fool, allowed herself to be suspected of having appropriated "Heart of Hearts." Every man and woman seemed to know from long, and perhaps painful, experience that she would be exonerated, marry *Harold*, and live happily in pleasant monotony.

I was really thankful to *Lucy* for allowing herself to remain under a cloud so long, because, unless she had done so, what would have become of the play? There would have been no excuse for Mr. Stoddard's excellent performance as *Lady Clarissa Fitzralph's* butler, nor for the clever and entertaining "business" of Mrs. E. L. Davenport, who, as *Miss Wilhelmina Fitzralph*, was extremely funny.

The accompaniments to "Heart of Hearts" are far more interesting than the play proper.

* * *

ANGLOMANIACS ought to thank the Madison Square management for this production, as it gives a pretty accurate view of the ideas of the ultra-exclusive English into whose breasts no ray of enlightening radicalism has yet penetrated. *Lady Clarissa Fitzralph* is capitally drawn, though her "mollification" at the end of Act III. was perhaps a trifle too rapid, due probably to the fact that Mr. Henry Arthur Jones thought he had given his audiences enough for their money.

Miss Marie Burroughs, who played the part of *Lucy Corwin*, is a charming young woman. Her performance was almost perfect. She had a pleasingly fervid lover in the person of Mr. Massen, who is a little too ardent, however, in his protestations.

"Heart of Hearts" ought to enjoy a good run. It is not as artistic as its predecessor, "Elaine," but too much art nowadays—well, you know as well as I do.

Alan Dale.

THE ORGAN-GRINDER.

(THE OTHER SIDE OF THE QUESTION.)

I BÔRE it with exasperation,
That organ-grinder's din:
Most dismal sound in all creation,
A music that's a sin!

But when I went with spirit groaning,
And accents wild, though sad,
Beseeching him to stop that droning,
Or he would have me mad,

He stayed his crank and stared in wonder,
Indignant cap-à-pie;
"It makes *you* crazy, does it! Thunder!
What d'ye think of *me*?"

E. W. S.

PROTECTION AND FREE TRADE.

BAGLEY: Gagley, me boy, I'm blawsted sorry to see you've turned out a rank Protectionist. You were with us once, ye know.

GAGLEY: I know it; but that infernal English accent you brought over last trip has settled it. No more free imports for me.

THE REASON.

"THE Electoral College seems to be falling into disfavor," remarked Cumso.

"Well, I don't wonder at it," replied Fangle, "it pays no attention to baseball."



THE GLORIES OF LITERATURE.

Seedy Individual: CAN I GET A POSITION AS CANVASSER FOR THAT NEW BOOK YOU INTEND PUTTING OUT ON SUBSCRIPTION?

Publisher: DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THE BOOK?
S. I.: YES, I'M THE AUTHOR; AND I THOUGHT IF I COULD GET A POSITION AS CANVASSER, I MIGHT BE ABLE TO MAKE A LITTLE MONEY OUT OF THE BOOK.



Member of Society for Prevention of Crime and Vice: TAKE THAT DOLL IN IMMEDIATELY. DON'T YOU KNOW IT'S AGAINST THE LAW TO EXPOSE NUDE FIGURES?

RAPID TRANSIT.

FOUR O'CLOCK.

Rushley drops his pen in the middle of a word, and, slamming the office door, makes a mad rush for the elevator. If the miserable attendant does not instantly respond to his call, the thunderous frown that greets him is enough to wreck all the electric bells in the building. Should the car stop for others, Rushley's look of agony draws a sympathetic sigh from the very steam-heaters.

On the street he meets his friend Whirler, who proposes that they "take something." There is always time for this act. A hasty, choking gulp, a banging of doors, and he is climbing the Elevated railroad stairs.

Burning with suppressed fury to find himself at the end of a line waiting for tickets, Rushley gains the platform just as the gates are slammed, and the train moves on. It is not the last train for the night, as you would imagine from his look of hopeless despair. There is another in two minutes.

This is the moment to see Rushley in all his glory. As he and his kind crowd themselves on board the cars they give the ladies on the platform a chance to witness a union of the generosity of cannibals and the manners of swine.

If you glance over Rushley's shoulder five minutes later you will find him reading an editorial on the lack of rapid transit facilities.

So he moves on, day after day, feverish and palpitating, until dyspepsia and nervous exhaustion furnish him with rapid transit to a region beyond the city limits.

If this were a fable, a moral might be appended; but as it is a true story it can speak for itself.

G. E. Hanson.

A CRYING SHAME.

SHE: What makes you look so tired, John? Why, you seem to be all worn out!

HE: These leap-years are enough to make any one tired. I believe they are an infernal capitalistic invention.

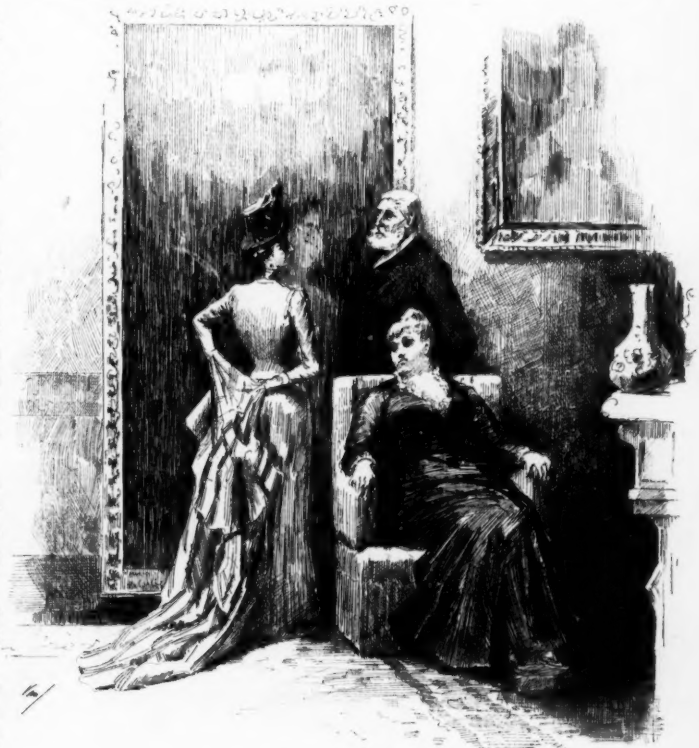
SHE: Why, what's the matter with you?

HE: Here I've got to work twenty-nine days this February, and only get an ordinary month's pay.

MR. SWINBURNE has an article in the *Nineteenth Century Magazine* to prove that Darwin wrote Tennyson.

Were we Mr. Swinburne, we would endeavor to prove that somebody else—Rider Haggard, for instance—was the author of so much of Swinburne as is contained in "Locrine, a Tragedy," which, by the way, as a literary effort, is a farce.

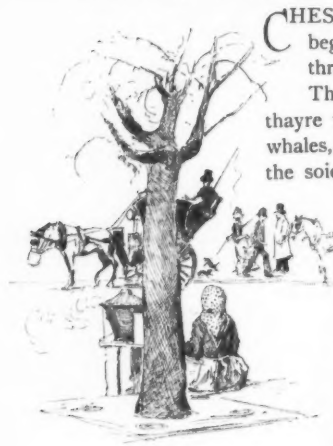
CARDINAL MANNING says that a starving man has a right to steal his neighbor's bread. Keep it up, your Eminence! The thirsty man has a right to steal his neighbor's whiskey; the unmarried man has the right to steal his neighbor's wife; the nagless man has a right to steal his neighbor's horse. The neighbor seems cut out for a hard time in this world, according to his Eminent Eminence's views.



The Doctor: HAVE YOU CALLED ON THE BUTLERS SINCE THE FAILURE?

Miss Newgold: NO. I THINK I SHALL HAVE TO SCRATCH THEM OFF. POOR MRS. BUTLER IS SO SENSITIVE THAT I HESITATE TO INTRUDE UPON HER IN HER TRIALS.

THE NEW VIEW OF THE HANSOM.



CHESTNUT VENDOR: Ah, begorry, phat a quare counthry this is, to be sure! Thayre's a gntleman over thayre wid an umbriller on two whales, and wid gash loights at the soide ov ut, and a hurse tu pull ut. Phat'll they be doin' nixt, I wondher, so I do.

"IS this Mr. Comstark?" asked a caller at the art censor's office. But there was no answer. The indecency of the name had reduced its owner to a shapeless mass.

SIR MORRELL MACKENZIE has been paid forty-three thousand dollars for attending the Crown Prince, and isn't certain whether it is a cancer.

If the Emperor would give Dr. M. \$50,000, the distinguished physician might be able to make up his mind.

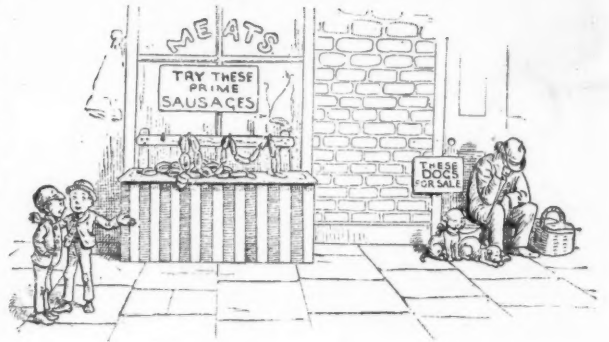
A COUNTRYWOMAN stopped in front of the bronze Leif statue in Boston a few days ago, and remarked, "Wal, I never! I didn't know Leif was a negro."

"He wasn't a negro," said her companion.

"Look at the color of him."

"That's sun-burn," was the response, and the old lady went away satisfied.

PRESTO!



MUSICAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

HOFFMAN! HOFFMAN!! HOFFMAN!!!

THE MANAGERS OF

THE BOY PRODIGY

Have arranged a series of Concerts for
April 1st, as follows:

San Francisco,	6 A.M.	Pittsburgh,	2 P.M.
Denver, Col.,	7 "	Harrisburgh,	3 "
St. Louis,	8 "	Philadelphia,	4 "
Milwaukee,	10 "	New York,	5 "
Chicago,	12 M.	Boston,	6 "

At the Boston Concert, nothing but Funeral Music will be played.

Tickets for the Course, including R.R. and Undertaking Expenses, now on Sale.

OPINION OF AN EXPERT.

I have analyzed Josef Hoffman thoroughly and believe that, under the present judicious management, he is likely to live until the date of the above concert. I find no traces of disintegration of the musical tissues, and, barring a few fatigue bacteria, I warrant him to be sound.

DR. SCOREMUS.



TOO MUCH FOR HIS NERVES.

THE SCENE IS LAID IN A CHEAP EAST SIDE RESTAURANT, AND THE PARTY ON THE RIGHT HAS GIVEN THE WAITER, WHO HAS JUST FAINTED, AN ORDER FOR "QUAIL ON TOAST."



THE STRICTEST CONFIDENCE.

DENTIST: Oh, madame may be perfectly easy in her mind. We dental surgeons always make a point of observing the strictest confidence. Only last week, for instance, I supplied Countess Pampmann and Baroness Borghheim with a complete set each, and not a soul living knows a word about it.—*Munchener Blatter*.

YOUNG MAN (to editor): What do you think I ought to get for the poem, sir?

EDITOR: You ought to get ten dollars—

YOUNG MAN (overjoyed): Oh, that is fully as much as I expected.

EDITOR: Yes; ten dollars or thirty days.

That was more than he expected.—*Epoch*.

To get an exact idea of the minimum rate of speed, send a Philadelphia messenger boy for a gallon of molasses in January.—*Epoch*.

DR. MCGLYNN accepted the purse raised for him. There was some doubt expressed that he might not be willing to take it; but the man who expressed the doubt was recaptured before he got very far from Ward's Island.—*Puck*.

PROUD FATHER: I believe, my dear, that that baby knows as much as I do.

MOTHER (gazing at the infant): Yes, poor little fellow.—*New York Sun*.

SOME OF MORITZ GOTTLIEB SAPHIR'S WIT.

"WHAT is the greatest miracle in the Bible?" Saphir asked a young lady at a party.

Without giving her time to reply, a forward coxcomb answered: "That Elias was not burned when he went to heaven in a chariot of fire."

"No," returned Saphir, "that Balaam's ass spoke before it was questioned."

SAPHIR was presented at a ball to an extremely haughty lady of rank, who remarked with a patronizing smile: "I believe, sir, I have already seen you somewhere."

"Very possibly," he replied, "I often go there."

"I WON'T make way for a fool!" cried an envious scribbler, on meeting Saphir in a narrow passage, where at first neither seemed disposed to give place.

"Oh, I will, with pleasure," replied Saphir stepping aside and bowing courteously.

"I WAS born on the very day that Goethe died," said a conceited author.

"Both events were a misfortune to German literature," commented Saphir.—*N. Y. Tribune*

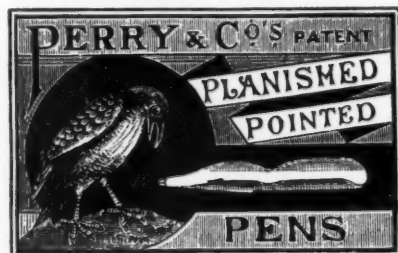
A LAZY man at the state election sent over to a South Boston foundry to see if they could not cast his vote for him.—*Boston Bulletin*.

JIGGS: Miss D'Bonair has grown considerably since I saw her last winter.

WIGGS: How so?

JIGGS: When I saw her then her dress came way up to her neck.—*Detroit Free Press*.

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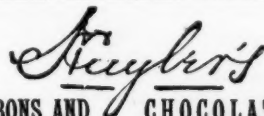
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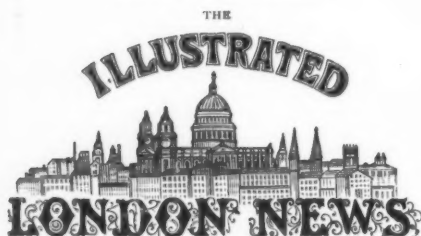
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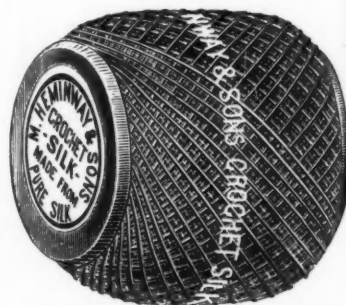
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ONCE upon a time the Duke of Wellington, when accused of being an Irishman, made a stiff denial of the accusation. "But weren't you born in Ireland?" asked his accuser. "I was," replied his grace, "but if a man happened to be born in a stable, do you call him a horse? I am an Englishman!" cried the duke, "wherever I was born."—*Singapore Review*.



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DOCTOR BRADON, when he was rector of Etham, in Kent, one day preached from the text "Who art thou?" Just at the moment he announced it, a military subaltern of the neighboring post was walking up the aisle, and, hearing the question, he stopped, saluted, and said, "I am, sir, an officer of the Seventeenth Regiment of Foot, on a recruiting party here."—*Singapore Review*.

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"How did you like it, sir?" asked the major, with mock solicitude.

"Bah!—it is nothing," said the hero of the performance as tranquilly as he would have described the loss of a leg by a cannon-shot: "I could drink it without the turpentine."—*Nashville American*.

It's five cents to go down the toboggan. Going up is ascent.—*New York Morning Journal*.

At a table in a New York restaurant some one remarked: "He had no father, and he had no mother." "Self-made man," said a wit, sitting nearby.—*Shoe and Leather Reporter*.

On their arrival at New Zealand, a party of English people drank a toast to the vessel which had brought them safely to their destination. One of the gentlemen who was asked to join in the ceremony, replied: "No, I'm a teetotaler; but I'll willingly drink success to the ship in the liquor she floats in." A friend disappeared and returned with a glass of water. After a complimentary apostrophe to the ship, the recipient tossed it off at once, but immediately sputtered, "Ugh—ah—oh—this is—oh—what—what in *materia medica* is this?" "That!" exclaimed his friend, "why, you've drunk success to our noble ship in the identical liquor she floats in."—*Calcutta Times*.



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"What's that?"

"Shaking hands. I don't blame him for disliking promiscuous hand-shaking; it has many unpleasant features."

"What can you tell by the shake of a man's hand?"

"A good deal. Why, I can pick out the people in a crowd with whom I shake hands, who have kidney disease, and they don't know it!"

"I don't understand you. Do you pretend to say there is anything peculiar in their 'shake'?"

"No, not in the 'shake,' but in the 'feel' of the hand."

"Please explain what you mean."

"A hot dry hand shows inactivity of the skin. The skin is the third kidney. We sweat out as much water through the skin as we pass off through the kidneys."

"How much is that?"

"In health, several pints a day. In the summer we sweat more than in the winter, but in health there is a constant though invisible escape of moisture through the skin. In the palm of the hand, there are from two to three million little sweat pores. The sweat-glands are a great help to the kidneys, and when working healthfully in the summer, the kidneys can and do take a much-needed recreation. You can prove this, if you notice that you pass less fluids in summer than in winter, if skin and kidneys are healthy."

You will be surprised, if you shake hands with a company of people, to see how many hands feel hot and dry. Hadn't you noticed it?"

"I don't think I have. But what can be done in such cases?"

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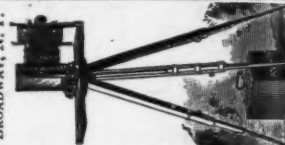
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